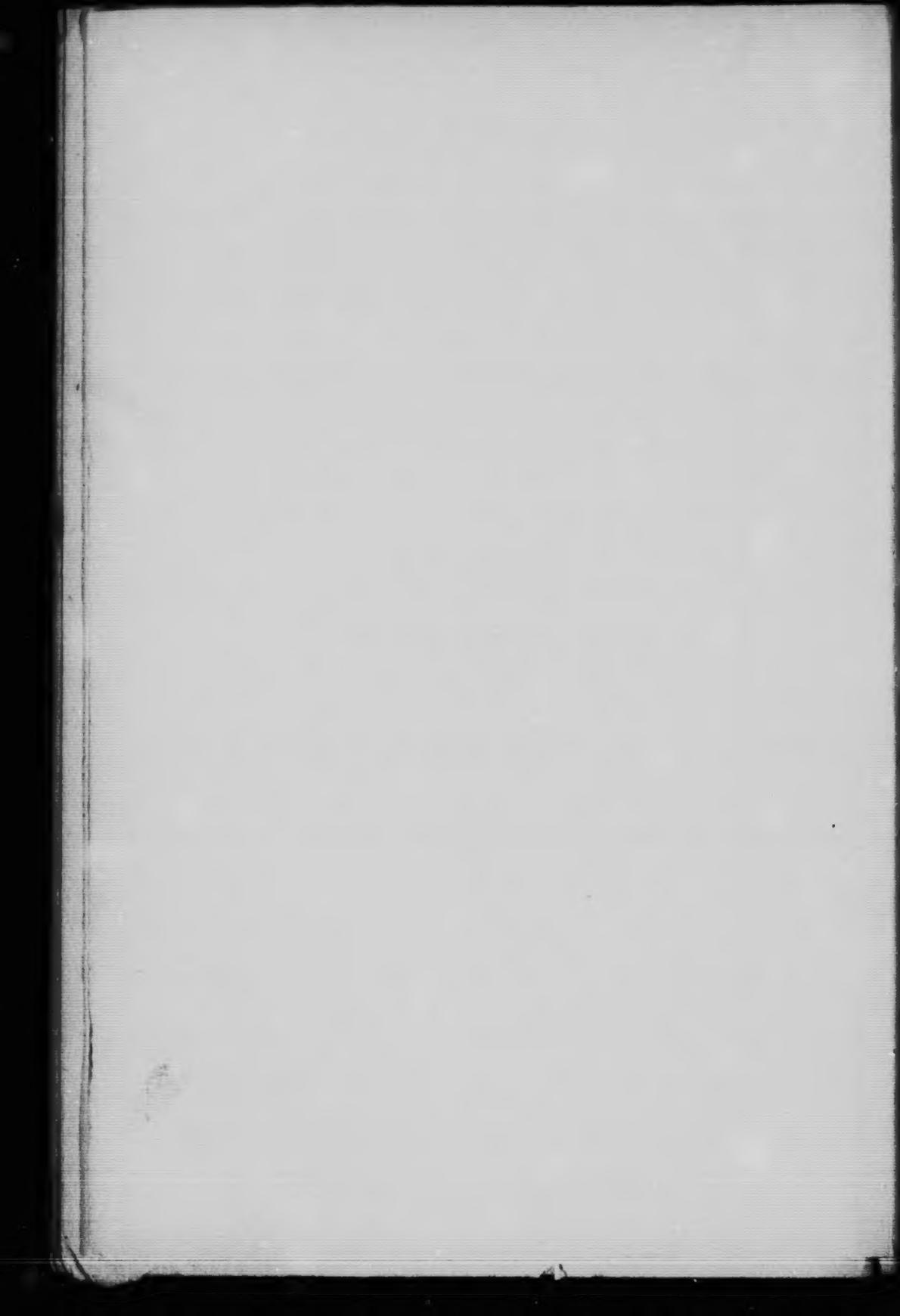


CANADA
AND OTHER POEMS

JOHN RICHARD WADDINGTON



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BY

JOHN FRUSHARD WADDINGTON



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TO MY FRIENDS.

INTO the chalice of my verse,
As wine in waiting bowl,
I pour the passion of my song—
The spirit of my soul.

It is a fragile, dainty cup—
Scarce by itself it stands,—
Will you not stoop and lift it up
And hold it in your hands.—

Touch with your lips its crystal brim ?
If any rays shine through
To sparkle where its depths are dim—
They are my thoughts of you.

CANADA.

I.

O CANADA ! Thou art loveliest
Of Northern lands of sun and snow,
Where fall and river swiftest flow
To mighty lake from mountain crest.
Crown'd Queen of Continents, thy name
A letter on the scroll of Fame—
Thy proud course scarce begun—
A fairy-land,
A prairie-land,
Where latest sinks the sun.

II.

With flying feet
Thy seasons fleet
Sweep circling through thy changeful skies.
Trailing her flowers,
Blown freshly sweet with April showers,
Thy soft Spring flies
Swift-wing'd as swallows in their southward flight.
And all thy Summer long
Is but a song
Of June
And sun and moon.
Northward, 'mid Arctic day and Northern night,
Thy fallow fields, all white with Winter, dream;
Snow-dressed the trees, silent the frozen stream,
And crown'd with ice the hill—
While Southward still
Brown with her bracken and her fading ferns
The burnished Autumn burns.

CANADA.

III.

Youth holds thy destiny, O Canada !
Crude shape, not shamed
By cities nor by shambles. From afar
Thy conquerors come, all eager and untamed.
Wild pasture ! Not yet brought beneath the ban
Of meddling man
The burrower and the borer and the bold.
Strong husbandmen, thy children—sons of toil
Who live by delving deep thy virgin soil ;
Uncouth, yet born to brave thy biting cold,
These are thy sons, O Canada,
More dear to them the yellow wheat than gold.

ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, my England !
Home of my childhood,
Where I first felt the wind
Over my face ;
England, my England !
Garden and wildwood—
Thee have I left behind,
Home of my race !

England, my England !
Thou didst receive me ;
Borne on thy mighty breast,
Rocked on thy knees !
England, my England !
How could I leave thee ?
Exiled—I haunt the West
Far from thy seas.

England, my England !
High have I set thee
In my proud heart, where thy
Loveliness gleams.
England, my England !
Who could forget thee ?
Oft in the fields I lie—
Isle of my dreams.

England, my England !
Oh, to be tossing
Borne on the inward tide
Of thy brave sea !
Homeland and Kingland—
Would I were crossing,
Happy and eager-eyed,
Homeward to thee.

FLIGHT.

A HEATH of heather and broom in blossom,
A white and a windy sky above,
And thou—with thy panting heart and bosom
Filled with the laughter of life and love.
A yellow, grass-grown, and uneven highway
That rises and topples the cloud-swept hill,
And neither points thy way, beloved, nor my way,
But onward and upward and heavenward still.

Then we with our lifted and wind-stung faces
Alight and aglow with the joy and mirth
Of the moving and music-filled, sun-wide spaces,
And the glad, mad passion of animate Earth.
My spirit unchained, clear and unregretful,
In tune with the bodiless winds of the sea—
And thine, O Beloved, divinely forgetful
Of all in the world save thyself and me.

Blue rents in the white, stretched cloud pavilions ;
Sharp shafts of sunlight on lake and leas ;
The shouts of the spirited wind's postillions,
And the echoing laugh of the arm-tossed trees :
Blue shadows and purple, and sun-warmed streamers
Of light in the dancing of blade and flower—
And we—with the passion of age-long dreamers
Aflame with the birth of our new-found power.

Thou, light and lissom and rosy-tinted,
A spirit of heather and broom and May—
A dream-gift, golden, moulded and minted
Of the thought that has drawn me to thee this day ;
And I, in the strength of the wind's wild sweeping
That circles me round as I leap and run,
Shall gather thee up in my arms, and, leaping,
Race up with the clouds to the courts of the sun.

FLIGHT.

For the heart is happy when love doth fire it,
And free when the spirit is clean and clear;
For flight must come to the souls that desire it,
Since wings are born to the free from fear.
Thus over the wind-tossed broom and heather,
With its yellow and purple, its white and blue,
Clasped close we shall sail in the clouds together
And sweep to the stars that come peeping through.

THE WINDOW.

Ah ! this is where my lady sleeps,—
Hush ! Hush ! the curtain moved !
It is the West Wind blown to bless her,
To kiss her soft hair and caress her,—

Loving and loved.

The Moon through the half-raised window peeps :
(My lady sleeps.)

How soft is her sleep and light
This perfect night !

Oh ! Wonderful the wide world seems
Strung on the Moon's white bars ;
The mystic space, the moving wonder,
And all about, above and under

The magic stars.

And through the weft of her dainty dreams—
(How soft she seems !)

She sees like a scroll unfurl'd
The spirit world.

Ah ! this is where the envied Sun—
Look ! Look ! the dawn at last :—
May enter, none to chide nor chasten,—
If I were he would I not hasten
When Night is passed ?
Or with the bold breeze leap and run ?
(Oh ! waking one !)
Just to be near her—is that much ?
But oh ! to touch !

THE HERALD.

Oh ! Skylark ! Skylark of England !
Songster of meadows in Spring !
Poets have praised thee, given thee
The best of the songs they sing.
Higher, still higher,
From Earth's dome to Heaven's Choir,
Do thy wings ever tire ?

Ah no !
Yet I strain my eyes
At the sun-drown'd skies
And the clouds all snow,—
Oh, Skylark ! Skylark of England !
Would I might go
Up, up on the wings of the wind
Leaving the earth behind.

Oh, Skylark ! Skylark of England !
Weave in thy singing to-day,
A message that I shall give thee
To carry from Earth away.
Higher, still higher,
From Earth's dome to Heaven's Choir
Bear the hope, the desire
I hold.
Take the words I have given
To the gateway of Heaven—
Be exultant, bold,
Oh, Skylark ! Skylark of England !
In the sunset's gold
Be Love's last Chorister,
Sing my free'd soul to her.

SONG.

As in dark skies there always is one star
More clear, more bright
Than any other in the crown of Night ;
So, from Life's shadows that encircle me
I hail from far
A light, a star, a shining beacon—thee !

As in the large recesses of the heart
One chamber stands,
Unopened, save by white and mystic hands ;
So in my heart, locked with a golden key,
One room apart
Stood waiting, knowing it was made for thee.

As in our Life there always is one goal
For which we make,
A haven—restful for its own sweet sake,—
So, in that inner life, that part of me
Which is my soul,
My eyes turn sunwards seeking, finding thee.

ATTRIBUTES.

STRONG must the wine of the Gods be, dark and strong
To have strung my spirit and heart in this forceful fashion,
To have wrung from a voiceless soul this tempest of song,
This desire and this passion.

Sweet indeed must this Life be, soft and sweet,
These blossoming flowers, these birds, and these stars that
glisten,
To have charmed my eye for an hour, to have stayed my
feet
That my soul might look and listen.

Beautiful, tender, and made for a god to win,—
The soul of her pure as the spirit my songs discover—
To have touched my soul, ah ! beautiful must she have been
To have made me her lover.

SOUL.

I HAVE visualised thee
At day by babbling streams,
At night when all the stars are out,
In my sweetest dreams.
When the sun doth touch the rim,
Golden, of the sea,
Thou, all golden too, dost swim
Through the mist to me.
Smooth of contour, lithe of limb,—
White as brim of daisies;
Who am I should dare and try
Sing thy praises?
Yet, when sometimes I have sank
Full of long, long thoughts
By some stream's inviting bank
Starr'd with forget-me-nots,
I have found thee resting there,
Always 'neath summer skies—
With the sunlight in thy hair
And the love-light in thine eyes.

O! how sweetly wouldest thou look
With dark eyes on me
While the music-making brook
Babbled merrily.
Swiftly perished the sweet hours
Dying, whilst we laid
All amongst the nodding flowers—
Lover and fair maid.
Always summer when I saw you;
Always June it seemed;
All the woods were lovely for you
When I dreamed.

Happy when at last I found thee,—
Thought-elusive maid!
With the lovely Graces round thee
In some starry glade.

SOUL.

Happy too when loving eyes,
Misty with delight,
Looked upon thy loveliness
On some summer's night.
With my arms about thee clinging,
Happy, too, to rest
Held by thee with my dark head
Pillowed on thy breast.

Spare a little of thy treasure,
Profligate of beauty, thou !
Let me taste as sweet a pleasure
As I dream of now.
Little may it cost thee,—Heaven
Is thine own to give or take ;—
Many a clearer thing is given
For Love's sake.
For Love's sake, and, following after,
Memory's dearest dreams ;—
I can hear thy happy laughter
Above the winding streams.

Can you wonder that my heart
Beats like this when you
Fashioned of my fancy, start
Wandering through
Those prized places of my mind
Where I meet
All my dream-loves, and I find
Thee there, the most sweet ?
Every poet haunts the grove
Of his fancy's making,
Linked happily with love,
Sleeping or awaking.
Love for him her golden bowl
Fills, he is but human
When he dreams to meet his soul
In a woman.

MY THOUGHT.

FROM where the ebbing tideway laves
 The green New England's shore,
And throws about those sandy beaches
 The bubbling froth of her long waves
Up where the promontory reaches
 Eastwards for ever more.

From where the waters fall and rise,
 Northwards, along the coast,
By Brunswick's rocky shore and solemn
 Cliffs, where the wild seagull flies,—
Where the white waves' unbroken column
 Sweeps like a sheeted ghost ;—

Eastwards, still eastwards through the spray
 Of surge and surf and wave,—
By Cape Race, fog-bound, dark and lonely,
 Where great ships loom and fade away :
By the Grand Bank's treacherous shoal, known only
 As one tremendous grave !

Stray flotsam of the intellect
 Blown seawards by the breeze,—
Spent spoil of storm-cloud, wreck'd and driven,
 Nameless, perhaps, and derelict,
By raging tempest rent and riven,
 Yet riding still the seas ;—

Borne onwards in the Gulf Stream's sweep
 Across th' Atlantic Sea :
Blown by the friendly gales of leisure
 Over the waters wide and deep,
Steered by its own impulsive pleasure,
 My thought sails out to thee.

There on Old England's sandy beach,
 Tossed by the tide's flecked foam,
High up where the warm sun can shake it,
 But where the storm-rack may not reach,—
I know that friendly hands will take it
 And bear it proudly home.

THE PURSUIT.

I.

ALL on a fair May morning,
Awake,—I found
The light of a happy spirit within me dawning :
A spirit of laughter, a spirit a-tune
With the glad, mad joy of the bearing ground,
Of the sprouting green
Where Spring, the Queen,
Has touched the Earth with her wand,—and soon
O'er grass and meadow and smiling copse
Comes the blessing of blossom and leafy tops.
I awoke, and the spirit I found that daytime
Within my heart was the soul of Maytime.
Yet, why should it sing to me,
Why should it bring to me
Joy, and the giving of joy, when there,
So late, had dwelt in my heart despair ?

II.

Caught up in its misty madness
I fled, nor stayed
To seek the source of this sudden, unreasoning gladness ;
But leapt to the air as a bird to wing,—
Not a thought disturbed, not a whit dismayed ;
Content to try
How it felt to fly,
To soar to the clouds where the skylarks sing ;
To laugh in the sunlight, to pour one's soul
To the thirsty Earth like wine from a bowl,—
And to feel uplifted and merged together
With the magic of May and the flushed, spring weather.
I fled where over me
Winds might cover me,
Shelter me, shield me and help me find
Whatever it was that possessed my mind.

THE PURSUIT.

III.

Winds, they are lovers and haters,—
I found them out—
They blew me out to the open, the breezy traitors !
And left me, laughing, the clouds to chase
With playful puffing and gusty shout.
So I was feign
To my search again
For the springs of joy in the human race.
I spent most precious, delightful hours
In winning the hearts of the blushing flowers ;
But whether or no they just laughed at my wooing
I was none the farther in my pursuing.
All in the beds, I'd see
Nodding their heads at me,
Daffodils, primroses, hyacinths,—each
Knowing Life's secret, yet lacking its speech.

IV.

Easy it was to be certain
Of this, at least,
That Spring, joy-bringer, would never uplift the curtain
And spoil it all for a curious eye.
She lavished her gifts both on man and beast ;
On flower, and tree,
On dry land, wet sea,—
Her spirit possessed all things low or high.
And I was content that the Spring had power
To give heart its youth, to give Earth its flower.
Though Earth, her magnificent way pursuing,
Gives little heed to what Man is doing,
Yet May's mad strife in me
Put new life in me,
And all I learned from the day's pursuit
Was that Spring brings gladness, and blossoms—fruit.

TRANSMUTATION.

If in these happy flights
Which I have ta'en o' nights,
Pursuing along Time's streams
The visions and the dreams :—
If in those happy times
Which I have caught in rhymes
And bounded by my thought
Of what is, and is not,—
If in that starry way
I stayed awhile to say :
"Come ! let me take thy hand,"—
'Tis thou wouldest understand.

.

If freedom is to feel
One's wings from head to heel ;
If joy be to explore
The Night's star-faienced floor ;—
If Heaven's love be more bliss
Than what we dream it is,
All that I feel would be
Twice joy—if shared with thee.

.

If, for Companion,
I fashion'd her that shone
To share those heavenward flights
In which my soul delights,
'Tis that in thee I found
Her spirit on the ground.

.

THE DREAM GIFT.

I saw her once,—in one of those rare dreams
That come when all the world is lying still
And the heart rests in peace; when Heaven seems
Half-open to the eye, and the soul led
Beyond its Earthly bondage finds instead

A flying freedom,—and o'er vale and hill
Voyages serene
As if it ne'er had been
Earth-bound,—a spirit once again and free
To live and love in God's security.

I saw her once!—Divine and light as air
My spirit found itself in Arcady,
Nor wondered how it chanced that it was there.
I was just conscious of Life's loveliness,
So lightly did my manhood on me press;—
I only knew that warmth enfolded me,
And that my eyes
Saw only the blue skies,
The stately trees, the green grass in the glade,
The brown-banked stream, the sunshine and the shade.

I wandered on as free and sensitive
As happy thought to Love's soft influence;
Feeling how sweet, how rich it was to live.
About me bloomed bright blossoms; flowers too rare
To breathe the denser veil of earthly air;
Flowers whose soft shade of colouring touched the sense
Like music, when
It moves the hearts of men;—
Bright pendulous blooms on stately stems and tall,
So rich in ripeness one might watch them fall.

Only they withered not, or if they fell
One found another equally as fair
Born in the place where late the first did dwell;—
Life here was too serene, too wondrous made
For any leaf or bloom to droop or fade.

THE DREAM GIFT.

I thought :—“ It is God’s Garden and His care.”
Or if ‘twere not
What seemed so pure a thought,
Some spirit,—and I felt my fancy lift—
Must have received from Heaven this gracious gift.

And, even as the truth came, like all truth
Sweet, swift and sure, I knew that I should find
Th’ incarnate presence in some form of youth.
Lovely, divine, and far beyond the power
Of human dream or fancy to endower
With imagery of the reasoning mind.
Beyond a screen
Of grasses tall and green,
Feeling like Love surprised by some reward,
I found her sleeping on the mossy sward.

In unimaginable grace she lay ;
All innocent of art, where stealthy Sleep
Had found her first. A fairy and a fay,
Lithe, light of limb,—the very soul she seemed
Of all that Love or Beauty e’er had dreamed.
The sight touched me to stillness, full and deep,
As if, swung wide
To let me gaze inside
Just for an instant ere it closed agen,
Some door in Heaven had opened to my ken.

I saw her thus, the beauty of her form
So smooth, so white, filling my sensiate soul
With floods of feeling, pulsing fierce and warm
Like hot blood coursing through the veins. Her head
Lay on one snowy arm, and gold and red
Her wondrous hair, impatient of control,
About her flowed
In waves that gloomed and glowed
Caught by the sun and breeze. One soft hand pressed
Lightly against the circle of her breast.

THE DREAM GIFT.

No foolish fears beset me, no false pride
Bade me draw back,—I felt it meet and right
To find myself, then, kneeling at her side.
I felt all Life and Love was there with me,
A deep, divine sense of being clean and free,—
All love, all truth, all sweetness and all light.

And as I knelt
She understood and felt
My presence, for she opened her dark eyes
And smiled without a glimmer of surprise.

How silent was her welcome and how sweet !
We said no word,—thought melted into thought ;
Our souls on a serener plane could meet
Where speech though sweet was idle,—and, ah ! bliss !
She lifted up her face for me to kiss ;
My thought again though I had said it not.

And while her hair
Flowed all about us there
My lips met hers all joyous with Life's song ;
Time sweetly sped ! What first kiss e'er was long ?

Long, long we lay there, and the murmurous sound
Of the light stream made music gently flow
Such as the dreamer loves ; and all around
Warm airs delighted us, and shadowy trees
Sifted the sunlight for our pleasant ease.

Then, for the first time speaking, soft and low :—
“ I was to wait,”
She murmured, “ for my mate.”
And then I knew, and in my heart there stole
The secret of the strivings of the soul.

Full many a thing that Mortals wot not of
I learned in that still hour beside the stream :
The mystic blen'd of passion and of love,
The birth of soul, what godliest gift to give,
How best to be, and what it is to live
Veiled by the inner mysteries of dream.

THE DREAM GIFT.

Even as I knew
The sun all rosy grew,
The shadows lengthened, and I saw the trace
For the first time of sadness in her face.

Still that deep, silent sense of knowing all,—
My fate, my destined hour was shorter grown,
I felt my heart sink and my spirits fall.
Yet she, diviner-souled, her smile serene,
Calm'd me and comforted :—" All that has been
Is best for us and sweeter for being known."
And then :—" You came
To me a god in flame,
Yet go, back to thy little worldly day,
A man, and I will meet thee when I may."

" To give life, to create life, what more meet
For man to offer to the destinies ?
Our dream-child shall be wonderful and sweet ;
And, in your earthly labours, shall at need
Be near you, helping you in thought and deed,
Because your heart divined Life's mysteries."
My head she pressed
Just once unto her breast
Then bid me go ; and down the dark'ning grove
I went bathed in the dream-light of her love.

And, at the grove's end, where the shadows steep
Seemed like grim buttresses of beetling towers
Guarding the sacred precincts of sweet Sleep,—
I turned just once to look my love at her
And, in the glimmering twilight, saw her stir
With answering love amid her nodding flowers.
So, more resigned,
With calmer, quieter mind,
Closing my eyes, I gave myself again
To that masked world of matter and of men.

AD ASTRA.

FROM out the echoless aisles of sleep
Where shadowy shapes pass to and fro—
 Vague forms, like moving mist
 By veiled moonlight kissed,
That left on earth their bodies long ago
 Upwards on circling wing to sweep
 Voiceless from out the dark and deep,—
From out that trackless, motionless abode,
The souls of those who love move up to God.

No sound,—but waves of wing-swept air
Like shadows that come and fade,
 Or fitful gusts of wind
 That beat up from behind,—
And, ere one turns to greet them half afraid,
 Have fled one hears not, feels not, where ;—
 So, up that mounting, stepless stair,
In silence wing'd those souls who in their sleep
Set free, seek heaven,—deep calling unto deep.

Far, far beyond Earth's sultry fires,
Freed from the fettering bonds of strife,
 Uplifted to where gleams
 The chaste, eternal beams
Of suns still foreign to our lukewarm life ;
 Heights unto which the soul aspires
 Unhamper'd by dust-touched desires,—
Far up where countless stars pour forth their light,
Mingling their radiances with Day and Night :—

Where the still avenues of thought
Meet on that wide and wondrous way ;
 And where from either side
 The starry ways divide,—
There, where Night's shadowy confines touch the Day,
 And where all moving forms are caught
 A moment pausing, then have sought
Again on breathless wing th' ascending stair
Sunwards, I stand—to bid you welcome there.

AD ASTRA.

'Mid those melodious murmurings
Which softly charmed my listening ear,
One sound more low and sweet
Than distant voices beat
Up from the deep so fathomless yet clear—
Tuned to my quiet imaginings
It was as if I heard your wings,
Your spirit wings come beating up through space,—
I stooped and searched the darkness for your face.

As Love need never be revealed
By word, if, leaping from the soul
It prints upon one's face
Its warmth and golden grace
Like light reflected in a crystal bowl ;
So, with no thought to concealed,
Nor armed against stra. —, nor steeled
'Gainst idle tongues,—weed, each to each,
Having no joy could be enhanced by speech.

United in that ample fold
Of common spirit and common thought
We fled on new-found wing
To where the white stars sing,
That highway broad up which in dreams long sought
We had so often wended ; bold
By faith in Love which is not told
To senseless Pride ; or being admitted stands
Pure, unregretful, clean in heart and hands.

Come then, thou spirit of my dreams !
Touched with the mystic flash and light
Of paling stars that wane
To burst in flames again.
Come thou ! and charm away the silent night,
And breast with me those splendid streams
That flow, star-twinkling, from the beams
Of westering suns. Come ! Leap that spacious sea !
I hear thy wings—my soul doth fly with thee.

RE-INCARNATION.

WHAT'ER you were in the days gone by,
Or I in the long dead past,
We have steered our souls thro' shallows and shoals
To this haven of Love at last.

You who were Queen of an Indian Realm
When I was a bondsman low,
The slave of a Lord of a Lowland Line
With naught but my chains to show.

He brought thee gifts from a mighty king,
Jewels and gold and wine,—
And I laid them low at thy small white feet,
Those gifts less his than mine.

He gave me to thee with those gifts of gold
Sent from a distant land,
And bade me stay until my death-day
And serve thee with heart and hand.

Loyal and faithful I held my trust
'Mid the glare of thine Eastern Court,—
In my heart no slave though thy servant still
In word, in deed, in thought.

Then came an hour in those distant years
Gray grown with the thoughts men save,
When I saw the light in thy soul one night
Fall full on thy kneeling slave.

And from that one hour when thy healing power
Swift and divine and strong,
Shook free the spirit within my heart
And flooded my soul with song.—

RE-INCARNATION.

I steadily climbed with my head held high,
Borne up on the hopes you gave,
Till, my freedom won with a deed well done,
I stood, no more a slave.

A man was I, thou wert still a Queen
In that glorious morning land ;
Though I was free, I was still for thee,
The slave of thy least command.

So, step by step for the thousand years
That began with the birth of Love,
I won my way to this sun-glad day, —
To thy throne-seat high above.

From that one hour I have sought thy face
For the favour of smile or glance ;
Thro' desert and throng, thro' sorrow and song,
Thro' the riot of feast and dance.

Now you have stooped and have lifted me
To be King in my own strong right ;
To share thy sway in the long, glad day,
And thy love in the swift, sweet night.

Thro' the glow and flow of the life we know,
With the red of its rose and wine ;
With the happy mirth of the good old Earth
We go, — thy hand in mine.

Contented to play on our destined way
With the love that we understand, —
Barefoot in the flowers of Life's glad hours,
Wandering hand in hand.

MOON-THOUGHTS.

The Moon is bathing on the river's bosom,
The stars trip lightly at the water's edge,—
The sleeping flowers bear each a silver blossom
Against the shadowy hedge.

Along the sands, mysterious and a-gleaming,
Alone I pace wooed by the mystic Night ;
While elfin thoughts, born of poetic dreaming.
Fly round on wings of light.

I watch their little baby faces glisten,
While laughing lips make merry mock of me,—
Then gather them around and bid them listen
To all I think of thee.

I see their innocent eyes grow wide with wonder,
And 're to dream that thou wouldest understand
Though tumbling seas our outstretched hands may sunder,
And miles of sun-browned land.

For when the silent evenings come to soften
The drudge of duties and the glare of day,
I love to let my thoughts fly—ah ! how often !
To where I know they may.

No soul so great, no mind sufficient only
Unto itself, but feels supremely blest
In that some sister soul—when dark or lonely—
May bring it peace and rest.

EVENING.

Slow move the clouds, their gold has turned to grey ;
The wind on which they sail is growing chill ;
The eastern stars burn dimly, and the day
Moves like a mist behind the distant hill.
The Night to clasp the Earth doth swiftly stride
As bridegroom goes to bride.

Out on the lake, the waters deep and black,
Shadowed by dark'ning pine, their murmurous song
Sing ceaselessly ; and from the west the rack
Of summer showers the soft winds bear along ;—
The rain drops kisses on the lake's wide breast
Then sinks into her rest.

The soft night falls ; the mists have passed and gone ;
Along the banks the birds their twitterings cease ;
The world grows still as all things hush their song
To woo soft sleep within whose arms is peace,—
And shadows, issuing from the silent woods,
Charm the still solitudes

SHADOWS.

SADLY, softly, and in silence
Downward came the rain,
Making a most melancholy music
On the darken'd pane.

With unutterable pathos
Came sad Memory
With a garland woven of the roses
Once you wore for me.

When the rain ceased came the moonlight
Breaking through the gloom,
And I saw you moving dimly, vaguely
Round the silent room.—

Touching the familiar places
Till you came to where
In that little olden golden locket
Lay your lock of hair.

Then you smiled so slowly, sadly,
Looking once at me,
And, while yet my heart was beating madly,
Faded silently.

With you went the single moonbeam
From the silent room,
Leaving me in trouble on the pillow
In the closing gloom.

Sadly, softly, and in silence
Downward came the rain,
Making a most melancholy music
On the darken'd pane.

With a stranger touch of sadness,
Blind, I turned to see
Someone, very beautiful and quiet,
Sleeping next to me.

THE FAIRIES.

I.

COME away !
Come away,
Where the fairy people play.
Let us see
If they be
What our dreams so often say ;
If perchance
They shall seem
Just a glance
And a gleam
To enhance
All the dream
We have dreamed of them to-day.

II.

Not a word
Must be heard—
If their lore be understood ;
All around
Not a sound
But a seeming solitude.—
Then, at night,
Shall be seen
All the bright
Band, I ween,
Robed in white
With their Queen,—
As we wait them in the wood.

III.

We stood still
By the hill
In the shadow of the leas,
When a throng
Came along
On the bosom of the breeze.

THE FAIRIES.

Oh, they were
Dainty things !
Light as air,
With bright wings ;
Tripping where
Ivy clings
At the foot of giant trees.

IV.

But the power
Of that hour
Was not destined for delay ;
Some alarm
Broke the charm
And the fairies fled away.
There were none
To resist ;
They were gone
Like a mist
By the sun
Hotly kissed
In the noon-heat of the day.

V.

It may seem
But a dream
Woven of a soft delight,
When the moon
Fades too soon
From calm waters, broad and bright ;
But they may
Come again
Just to play
Far from men
When the day
Dies, and when
Quiet slumber comes at night.

GREETING.

COME ! when thou wilt,—I shall be waiting there,
Where the sun-tinted clouds upon the crest
Of purple mountains rest.

Come when the heart fails ; let thy spirit dare
Break all the bonds that hinder its free flight
To larger worlds of light.

Come ! Every hour thou seekest, thou shalt find
My spirit free to meet thee on the way
Where piping Pan doth play.

Let the world go ! Turn inwards where the mind
Peopling its spaces with the loved and dear
Shall e'en bring Heaven near.

WESTMEATH.

THE air is warm, the wind is low,
The sun is dipping to the edge
Of the green Earth and round the hedge
The shadows grow.

Not one discordant note ! No sound
Of City life disturbs the air,
But peace and stillness everywhere
Doth here abound.

We are so far away from strife
Of toiling men,—the miles between
Make it appear we have not seen
A larger life !

So here, where Man is deadly dull,
Where nothing moves except the wind,
I gather to my exiled mind
All beautiful

Soft thoughts of you, as to the East
Oft-times I turn when daylight ends,
Hoping that of thy many friends
I am not least.

AUTUMN.

THE time of red roses is over
And the bloom is blown
From the grasses, the daisies, the clover
All in the fields strown.
The kiss of the air has grown colder,
The passion of Summer has sped—
As if the loved Earth were older
And her beauty dead.

The leaves like slow tears of deep sorrow
From the branches fall ;
The Winter's grey mist of To-morrow
Hangs over all.
The garments of Earth become sparer
By stream and by hill ;
The twitter of birds becomes rarer,—
The woods grow still.

O Autumn ! Spent passion of living—
Though beautiful yet—
I take with full heart thy ripe giving
Without regret.
Though men may grow thoughtful and sober,
I see, as of old,
The glory, the flush of October,
The red and the gold.

SONNET.

I HAVE known many women ; each one made
By some quaint charm, or some peculiar grace
Or delicate outline of her form and face
Attractive to my eye. Others arrayed
By nature not so beautiful, have swayed
By majesty of mind, by pride of race,—
By thought or glance or smile,—and won a place
Within my sensitive heart and therein stayed.
But, as I know that woman beautiful
Should be before all else, I sought to find
One having beauty, truth and love,—all three
In some alluring measure wonderful,
Blending the spirit of body, soul and mind,—
And having sought her long at length found thee.

IN DIAN'S GROVE.

Ah ! blame me not
If I am sad to-night,—
Ah ! blame me not !
It was thy thought

Carelessly uttered drown'd my fair delight.
It was thy thought, and, though it is my shame
Yet thine the blame ;
For thou didst fear my love as if its touch
One thought too much,
One little word too long,
Might mar th' unuttered music of thy song.

I saw thee standing in the gloom
That shadowed the still room ;
The night was falling all about thee, there
Was scarce enough of light to gleam thy hair.
I saw thee standing as the evening fell
And touched thee with its spell,
And, though soft shadows left their tender trace
On things possessing but a little grace,
Making them beautiful, I did not care
To see enthroned there
The shadow of disappointment on thy face.
For thou shouldst wear
A happy and contented look
As one who readeth in a pleasant book,
So that thy friends who know thee, and who prize,
As flowers the sun,
The light that Thought enslaveth in thine eyes,
Might happier be,—ah ! would that I were one !

Since I have wandered on this lonely path,
No hand to guide,
No heart to bid me go,—
And since my spirit hath
Visioned thy presence walking at my side
Whilst other souls with measured steps and slow,—
And dark, averted eyes
Passed me without a word ;—my heart sore-tried,
Was at thy greeting filled with deep delight
Made sweeter with surprise.

IN DIAN'S GROVE.

All on my path lay roses : it seemed right
To give because I felt the need to give,
To offer that which means so much to me
While still I live.
To lay at thy fair feet
The one fair gift God gave me ; right and meet
To offer thee
These children of the soul,—can it be wrong
Ever to offer song ?

Day follows day,
And when my words at last,
Humbly downcast,
Stumble across thy green and wooded way
They are too worn, too weary with delay
Their message to deliver.
But ah ! if ever
Along Time's babbling stream
Or on the misty shores of Dream
I met thee I would tell
What now I cannot, though I wish thee well.

Thou knowest my love,—this love that I define ?
Not that fierce hunger that is called Desire ;
Not that compelling and consuming fire,
Not that ungovernable passion, cursed
By those whose lips are parched with its thirst,—
Ah no ! not that, though once I called it mine.
Ah no ! my love is a diviner thing
Which thou, though its possessor, hast not made,
Nor its free spirit stayed.
Its birth was chronicled when Christ was King ;
It was his promise unto men,—his breath
Which conquered Life because it knew not Death.
My love,
Like the still stars above
That shine undimmed by the dark clouds beneath,
Shines for all those who having eyes to see
Turn them with love on me.

THE NYMPH.

I saw her and my heart stood still :
My senses swam with sudden stress,—
I did not know God dared express
On earth this exquisite loveliness
 Lest alien eyes
 Should idolise
Such dazzling beauty as they drank their fill.

Wrapt in the sunset's afterglow
I saw her at the river's brim
That evening as the light grew dim,
Charming as Heaven's cherubim.
 I gazed at her,
 She did not stir,—
I looked and loved,—how long—I do not know.

She lifted her white arms above
Her head, and, breathing with soft sighs,
Let me gaze long into her eyes
Full of their heavenly mysteries.

 There at the brink
 Naked, I think
't was the soul God gave me, pleading love.

WHERE WERT THOU?

WHERE wert thou, dear, but yesterday,
That I, unhappy then, had known
No joy of thy companionship?
Now, o'er the mountain's snowy tip
Where loitering clouds go slowly by,
The sun doth never rise, but I
Thankful for thought of thee delay
My waking—till the dream has flown.
Where wert thou, dear? Eyes have no tears
For those unfruitful, silent years.

Where wert thou, dear? 'eas't I know
Thy presence in the things I love.
Thy spirit doth pervade my dreams
As skies reflected are in streams;
Thy being in essence dwells where'er
My eye alights on things most fair,—
For lovely thoughts in beauty flow
Like star-rays, which from points above
Pour forth their generous light.—In thee
All lovey things return to me.

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS.

I NEVER knew until I read this book !
I never would have dreamed it possible ;
I would have thought that God would fear to look
 Upon the face of man afflicted thus
 By fiends more baleful than a Succubus.—
 By pangs of Hell
More keen, more dire, more woefully arrayed
Because they may not, must not be displayed.

The very presence of this phase of Life
 Questions that thin and ever-wavering line
Betwixt th' insane and sane ; this constant strife
 Which paralyses man's creative thought
 And makes Love seem a thing of horror wrought,
 Of base design—
To one so foul,—to one so dear and sweet,
Love, though a god, with slimed and muddied feet.

If this be true,—would God that I could doubt !
If this be true (and oh, I know how deep
The devils go that I would see cast out),
 Then every hour we live is but a crime,
 A blot on the escutcheon of all Time,
 That neither sleep
Nor death can wipe away ; a debt which we
Who stand untainted owe Eternity.

Not theirs the crime who thus afflicted stand
 With burning hearts and heads enwrapped in shame ;
Not theirs the deadly sin, though shunned and banned
 By the pale populace who seem to dwell
 In Virtue and create a realm of Hell
 For those unmanned
By deeds not theirs, by acts whose parents gave
Them Life,—and ever after damned them "Slave."

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS.

Ah no ! their frailty lies deeper still ;
It cannot be their individual fault,
For all their Life is one defeat of will,
A negative existence whose strong strain,
Ungovernable impulse and fierce pain
Creates a vault
Of ghoulish horror where their better selves,
Grim, mocking corpses, lie on the damp shelves.

O thou ! who sufferest with this intense,
Strange, mocking, powerful passion and desire ;
This indeascribable perverted sense
Which those who know not utterly condemn
Because the fiend in thee is not in them ;
O thou ! whose fire
So parches, can'st thou in cold words define
The writhings and the anguish that are thine ?

Where lies the flaw ? It lies in parentage.
They are as flowers who spring from wilted seed ;
For whom in early growth no harbourage
Is given ; on whom the partial gardener
Unpitifully expends the scantiest care.
The veriest weed
Is better loved in that before it shoots
Amid his flowers he plucks it by the roots.

I sat in justice on you once, but now
I pity where before I did despise.
Truth, being of humb's parentage, can bow
To Truth with courage ; — and I look with hope
To that enlightened time when States will cope
With open eyes
With this thy problem. Then will Love, indeed,
Give thee her golden gifts, her precious mead.

MORNING.

Comes the morning fresh and bright,
Comes the warm sun, dear, to shake thee,—
Are thy slumbers, then, so light
That a kiss will never wake thee?
Little heart, our love's true story
Brightens with the morning's glory.

Wake! beloved, wake and see
How the glad Earth shapes our dreaming,
With the light on flower and tree
Where the pale night-dew is gleaming.
Hear you not the valley rustle—
Bird and insect, song and bustle?

We are here for many a day,
Many a day of merry madness,
Let us live them while we may,—
Outdoor health and indoor gladness.
Wind and sunlight, dear, invite thee,—
Come! their kisses shall delight thee.

Come! the day is at his best,—
Let us go and give him greeting:
Day is for a lover's quest,
Night is for a lover's meeting.
Come! beloved, in this weather
Love and laughter go together.

DE MORTUIS.

FRANTIC, I took her in my arms,
Half-kneeling rocked her on my knee ;
My heart beat out its fierce alarms
In titan agony.

I pressed my lips to her loose hair ;
With passionate lips I pressed her brow ;—
Lost were my kisses in despair,
She did not feel them now.

I called her name, and all that day
My voice the drowsy echoes stirred ;—
All heavy within my arms she lay
And never said a word.

BY THE CAMP FIRE.

No moon, a dark and quiet night,—
The pines—just shadowy bars;
The camp-fire's red and cheerful light,
And overhead the stars.

A perfect setting for sweet thought
And wavering, wistful dream,
With insect's murmuring music wrought
And soft lap of the stream.

I watch the stars' still, liquid light,
And, in the glowing fire,
I see Life's visions gleaming bright,
And know my heart's desire.

A deep peace centres in my soul,
It warms my senses through;
Ah, well I know its warmth and glow
Doth emanate from you.

O thou! so far away from me,
So many a weary mile,
Draw near in silent sympathy
And sit with me awhile.

I need thy gentle presence here—
The flickering flames grow bright
As if thy dress had rustled near,
And thou hadst come to-night.

My thought and all that nobler part
Of me, with subtle power,
Draws thee still closer to my heart
And halloweth this hour.

The others long have lain at rest,
And, by the fire, alone,
I sit and dream,—this hour as blest
As any I have known.

WITH SOME VERSES.

COUNT not, as down the stream you drift,
 The vagrant, hapless hours ;
Look only, when dark clouds uplift,
 For sunshine and for flowers.
Take what thou mayest, as, sweet and swift,
 The good gods send it thee,—
Thy pleasure in this simple gift
 Is happiness for me.

INES.

MAY I not turn to thee, though far away
In England thou dost breathe my English air,
Happy, I hope, and free from any care
Beyond the pleasant passing of to-day?

 May I not turn to thee
In hopes that thou dost hear and turn to me?

For what thy friendship if it may not give
 Impulse to passive thought, to silence, song,
That brain and voice with music may be strong
To teach me courage, help my heart to live?

 May not the best in me
Whether in dream or daytime turn to thee?

NIGHTMARE.

"And the characters on the Rock were 'Desolation !'"—A. E. POE.

ONCE when the Moon with giant stride had stept
Up the wide dome of Night's pale stars and stairs,
I fell asleep, and, knowing that I slept,
A Spirit came upon me unawares.
Shaking my soul with horrid hands and hoar
The Spirit came upon me and I sped
Beyond the limits of this Earthly shore,
Beyond the silent dead.

Beyond the restless dead, beyond the tomb
Once thought the barrier to the thoughts of men,—
Until I came upon a Vale of Doom,
A desert wilderness, morass and fen ;
All stagnant with the rot of untold years,
Unfertile with the mould of hoary time,—
A place of silence and slow mental fears,
Of horror, hate and crime.

A wilderness of Nature's broken reeds,
A crawling mass of roots and undergrowth
Rank with the rankness of unperished weeds,
And musty with the mustiness of sloth.
Here, overhead, the heavy laden sky
Flecked with still clouds of sickly hue and form
Pressed down upon the earth, and there did lie
The spirits of the Storm.

And, as I stood, a wind came sweeping past,—
A bitter wind with salt upon its breath ;
And the shrunk trees before the hated blast
Made horrid moans as beings marked for death.
Yet did I feel it not ; nor did the wind
Stir the still echoes of the misty air,—
But only in my dimmed brain did I find
The knowledge it was there.

NIGHTMARE.

The crumpled trees took shape as in a mist,
And ghostly shadows in the copse did run ;
Slow serpents rose amid the grass and hissed,
And fell, and rose again and were undone.
Then blackness came on all around, and soon
The eye upon the tree-tops could not dwell ;—
And the night waned and pale became the Moon
And rain from heaven fell.

A river ran between the rocks and rushed
In slimy eddies down the dark'ning vale ;
Whilst sister waters from its rock-bed gushed
Yet joined it not,—and all its face was pale.
And all its face was pale with poisonous dew
That bubbled in the mist and sailed away
And came again,—and sailed, and yet came to
The place where first it lay.

Then brooded silence, yet no stillness reigned ;
There was no quiet, yet there was no sound ;
A fearful darkness on the land remained,
And awesome shadows lay along the ground.
Tall water-lilies rose beside the stream
And sighed unto each other,—sighed and swayed
Their ghastly stems making a ghastly gleam
Where'er the moonlight played.

A grim, grey Rock appeared before my eyes,
Grey with the vapour of unhallowed Time,
Grey with the mist of its gigantic size,
And grey with coated dust and crawling slime.
Up then I went and sat thereon, and soon
Came thoughts my tongue can never dare to tell,—
And the night waned and pale became the Moon
And rain from heaven fell.

The Spirit then o'erwhelmed me and I cried
With a great shout that shook the dome of heaven ;
I raised my hands and swayed from side to side
And a great crack within the Rock was riven.

NIGHTMARE.

Yet still I cried and cursed and cried again,
And beat the Rock with clenched and frantic fist,—
And a Great Shape rose from the desert main
And sank into the mist.

Then the tall lilies sighed ; the salt wind stirred,
And the wild river reeled beneath its spray ;
And the dead earth was black, and still was heard
The Silence,—and the huge Rock still was grey.
Still hung the clouds above the black lagoon ;
Still the slow snakes did in the rank grass dwell,—
And the night waned and pale became the Moon
And rain from heaven fell.

A waste of trampled ruin strewn with death
Stretched to each pole, and in the midst was born
A murmurous sound as if some mighty breath
Fled from grim cloud to cloud ragged and torn.
The damp mist shattered in the roaring wind
Dispersed amid the darkness and the night,
And a faint glow of heaven was left behind
To show the shadow's blight.

Then crawling creepers stumbled up the bank
Licking the little stagnant pools that showed
Amid the crouching stones ;—and all was dank
Or humid where the musty moisture glowed.
Soft choking dust in every niche was strewn
Where the Despair had cast its horrid spell,—
And the night waned and pale became the Moon
And rain from heaven fell.

Yet still I brooded on the old, grey Rock,
And the scene changed not, neither did the light
Grow brighter ; while the Silence seemed to mock
My brooding till the Spirit dimmed my sight
So that I cried and cursed and cried again,
And beat the Rock with clenched and frantic fist,—
And a Great Shape rose from the desert main
And sank into the mist.

NIGHTMARE.

Then suddenly all moving things grew still ;
From cloud to cloud the wild wind made no sound ;
The river rushing down the rock-strewn hill
 No more with thunders shook the quaking ground.
The ripples left the stagnant, black lagoon,
 The Silence on the heavy air increased
And the night waned not ;—brighter shone the Moon
 And rain from heaven ceased.

With searching eyes I swept the desert main
 Unsatisfied, and sat long brooding there
Till horror filled my soul and did remain
 Couched in the meshes of a mad despair.
I saw no cloud before my wide eyes roll,
 While Desolation on the cold earth pressed,—
And all was still,—and horror filled my soul
 And ate into my breast.

Then once again I rose and cursed and cried,
 And beat the Rock with clenched and frantic fist,—
But no Great Shape rose up upon the tide
 Or lingered and then sank into the mist.
Full sick I fell into a sleepless doze,
 But even as on my bosom drooped my head,
The Spirit came upon me and I rose
 And left the Rock and fled.

And then the trees took shapes amid the mist,
 While ghostly shadows in the copse did run ;
Slow serpents rose within the grass and hissed,
 Then fell and rose again and were undone.
A blackness came on all around, and soon
 The eye upon the tree-tops could not dwell,—
And the night waned and pale became the Moon
 And rain from heaven fell.

MAY I NOT COME TO THEE?

WHEN shadows round me lengthen,
When there is none to strengthen,—
When those who should be nearest
Have turned away from me ;
When all my castles crumble,
When my ideals tumble
Bearing my best and dearest,—
May I not come to thee ?

When darksome fears assail me,—
When there is none to hail me ;
When of my friends thou only
Art confident of me :—
When bitterness doth choke me,
When even Love doth mock me,—
Worn, weary, loveless, lonely—
May I not come to thee ?

No thought of thine could harm me—
Thy very name doth calm me ;
It stills my heart's pained beating
As haven stills the sea ;
Thou my rough pathway smoothest ;
Thou my deep sadness soothest ;
Unseen I hear thy greeting
Bidding me come to thee.

Since I am weak and human,
And since thou art a woman
Gentle and unexacting,
And understandest me ;
Thy friendly influence, sweeter
Than Love itself, completer,
All sadness counteracting—
For this I come to thee.

LIFE.

A VIOLENT quaking,
A red bolt hurled,—
A grey awaking,
A new-born World.

A mighty leaven,
A hope that fell,
A glimpse of Heaven,
A sight of Hell !

A life's endeavour
Of stress and strain,
A feeling ever
Of numbing pain.

Lover or Hater,
Shallow or deep,—
Sooner or later
A little sleep.

RESTLESSNESS.

I MOURN for thee within my heart
As one not dead but past recall,—
More bitter, dear, to love and part
Then had we never met at all.

I might have struggled on heart-whole,
And wandered here a little while,
Not feeling on my pulsing soul
The life and radiance of thy smile.

I might have slumbered heavy-eyed,
Dull-soul'd, world-weighted, without fire,
Had Love not won thee for my bride
And slipt the latchet of Desire.

THE SEA.

Always for thee,
O mighty Sea,
I yearn
For comfort, when
My fellow men
From me do turn.

O mighty Sea !
Some look on thee
With dread ;
I hope to rest
Deep in thy breast
When I am dead.

THE SHINING SPIRIT.

Here was a gentle spirit
Such as fair souls inherit
Who, leaving Earth, for meadow ways above
Bring light unto that space
Which by divinest grace
A garden is for such who lived in love.

Her robe of purest white
Pointed with stars of light
Fell in soft shapes about her, fold on fold :
To which her beauty lent
Grace in its wonderment,
Jewelled in fine truth abounding, rimmed with gold.

To whom, as one who sees
In dreams, Heaven's mysteries,
And fancies what is hinted at revealed,—
Her face in beauty shone
Haloed and halcyon,—
She smiled on me, as soul with soul is sealed.

Her form, fair in its youth
Personifying Truth,
Casketed in true beauty unadorned,
Shone like that crystal star
The Magi saw afar
When Love Eternal in the East had dawned.

She,—moving in that sphere
Where other angels are,
Accompanied by music and sweet strife
Of happy thoughts that glowed
About her as she strode,—
Came, touched me and awakened me to life.

THE SHINING SPIRIT.

So that it seemed the Earth
Blossomed as at new birth,
And all sweet things and lovely took from her
New joy in love, and grew
Soft as flowers kissed by dew
To whom in woods the sunbeams minister.

So came she unto me
Over that soundless sea
Which separates yet joins all stars to time ;
Bringing that peace which stills
All restlessness, and fills
The trembling soul with Heaven's content and balm.

And in that holy place
Twas granted for a space
That I with her might wander at sweet will,
And, that I might be taught
By her diviner thought
Love's joy in love and Faith's joy to yield.

For all the soul desires,
Suffers for, or aspires
Towards, is granted being in that field
Where what we wished to be
Is what we are, if we
With Hope and Faith, sow, reap, — — — love in — — — yield.

THE VETO.

I HAD a thought,—a spirit gave it me,
And, in that joy which all gifts bring, I flashed
Its message straight to thee ;—but some hand dashed
Cruelly against my mouth, and silently,
 Like flowers that fade,
Its soft words drooped, feeling themselves betrayed.

'Twas an immediate impulse, like a flame
 Which unexpected winds fan leaping higher ;
A sudden passion, touched as it were with fire ;
A swift, unconquerable dream that came
 Divine and sweet,
Crying its need to stay thy hurrying feet.

And still I called thee though my lips were dumb ;
 My spirit fluttered baffled, chained and caged
 By Envy with calm happiness enraged ;
My heart cried out : " I journey ! " your heart : " Come ! "
 But Life, dismayed,
Fettered the senseless body, and I stayed.

Only my soul, cramped by the disbelief
 Of bodily presences that hampered it,
 Steadfastly faced, with love serenely lit
By answering love, its jailors and its grief ;
 Content to feel
That Love would yet its prison-bonds unseal.

Though hands touch not, neither do speaking eyes
 Kindle to answering glances, the spirit tells
 Her secrets ; and her dreamy, magic spells
Weaves for the watchers on the mountain rise
 That they may see
Love's fingers clasping Truth's eternally.

SPRING.

She is coming !—again I hear
The fall of her fair, white feet ;
And I know that night has gone,—I have naught to fear,
And that Life is sweet.

She is coming !—I hear her dress
As it moves in the April breeze ;
And she brings with her Spring, and the birds with their
songs that bless,
And the flowers and trees.

She is bringing again to me
The Love and the Hope and Joy
And the promise of Life in the growth of a soul to be
In our baby boy.

She is coming !—I catch my breath,
Oh, the glory of Youth and Spring !
And the pain and the dread and the sorrow have met their
death
And our Love is King !

CHILD-IDOLS.

IN silence died they one by one,—
With ne'er a foreword of farewell,
With ne'er a toll of passing bell
Their days were done.
I clung to them, I held them fast,—
They left me standing dumb with woe,
Their days were done, their joys were past,
Those childhood dreams that would not last
Although I loved them so !

I woke one morn and found them gone
As if they had been never mine ;
As if by crafty, crude design
Their sunbeams shone
To hurt and dazzle, then to leave
The eyes more blinded to the gloom
Of lonely spirits such as weave
The warp and woof of men that grieve
Eternally their doom.

Poor orphan children of an hour
Of mingled falsity and truth ;
That lived, yet never knew their youth
In its first flower.
As if the birth to form and grace
Meant death, oblivion or decay,—
Poor feet ! that had no strength to trace
The homeward path, nor win a place
Amid the realms of day.

Now as the wraiths of lost delight
The ghosts of Childhood near us creep,
They come, but only in our sleep
At dead of night ;
As, tired of worldly hope and fear,
And, mindless, borne by stronger streams
To long forgotten days and dear,
We grow more wistful as we near
The shadowy land of Dreams.

CHILD-IDOLS.

Dear dreams of childhood, mortal-born,
Never to live with me agen !
Dear dreams that sensual, selfish men
 Despise and scorn !
For ye, the whole world's golden ore,
 Bright treasure ! if but mine I'd give,—
Yea, and the Future's untouched store,
If only thou might'st come once more
 To my cold heart and live.

In silence went ye, one by one,
 With ne'er a foreword of farewell ;
 With ne'er a toll of passing bell
 Thy days were done !
I clung to thee, I held thee fast,
 Ye left me standing dumb with woe,—
Poor speechless Idols of the Past
 Thy faded beauty fallen at last
 Although I loved thee so.

BOY.

LITTLE one ! Little one !
Born in the West,—
Crossing the ocean while
Still at the breast ;
Speechless, yet beautiful,
Silent, but wise ;
Words in thy winsome smile,—
Thoughts in thine eyes.

Little one ! Little one !
Blossom and flower,—
Passion and Love did vie
For thy soul's dower.
Child, thou art Love himself,
Beautiful, free.—
All the wide world to thy
Mother and me.

Little one ! Little one !
Nature began
Moulding thee skilfully,
Miniature man !
And by thy strength of soul,
Sooner or late,
Men shall acknowledge thee
Noble and great.

OVER-SOUL.

I DARED not meet her maiden eyes,
I looked but turned away ;—
Her eyes were bright as stars at night
And held as pure a ray.

I glanced but once into her eyes—
Calm centres of control,—
And caught behind her maiden mind
A glimpse of Over-Soul.

As one reclining in the fields
Gazing on summer skies
Sees with strange awe some sacred door
Opening on Paradise ;

One look this maiden cast my way
Had shown me silently
The golden bowl of her white soul
Perfect and pure and free.

SONG.

My thoughts of thee Magicians are
Waving a magic wand—how oft
They make the desert fair,
The chill winds soft.

My thoughts of thee are beating wings
Which bear me gladly through the air,—
Gaily my spirit sings
When thou art there !

My thoughts of thee are flowers of light,
None heed their beauty as they pass ;
Yet days for them are bright
And green the grass.

My thoughts of thee bring love and mirth
To compensate for strife and pain,
Like odours from the Earth
After the rain.

My thoughts of thee are pearl and gold,
Enlaid they form that outward part
Which doth enclose, enfold
And guard my heart.

IN THE HEART OF A FLOWER.

WHAT would I lay in the heart of a flower,
 In the warmth of its golden bosom,
Where, hidden from strife, the sweet springs of life
 Bubble to bud and blossom?
Where the woods from the wintery winds close deep
 And the soft petals shelter its heart in sleep,
I would lay a light kiss as my spirit's dower
 Deep, deep in the warm, golden heart of the flower.

If my spirit were pure enough Love should rest
 In a nest of its own sweet making,
And the flower should dream of the sun's first gleam
 Till the springtime's soft awaking.
Then the child of its own dear loveliness,
 Blossom and petal would awake and bless
The love of the lips that had stooped and pressed
 Their kiss as my spirit pursued its quest.

The loveliest things in the world, it seems
 To me, that our souls inherit,
Are the blossoms and flowers of deep, still hours,—
 Dream-children of sea-free spirit;
 Dream-babes of pure laughter and warmth of passion
That each soul creates in its silent fashion
 Of wind and of summer, of woods and of streams,
 The blossoms of flowers and the fruit of dreams.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

THE stars came and the moon came
And kissed the sleeping flowers;
Their silvery light made soft and bright
The deep, love-laden hours.

The wind sighed and the trees sighed
About the reedy rill,
And dreamily together, we
Sat by the window-sill.

The moonlight and the starlight
About the woodland played,—
Along the stream the moonlight's gleam,
And in the rushes shade.

And slowly, as if lowly,
The words fell from our lips,
As if we dared not to be heard—
Dreading our dream's eclipse.

Ah! Never! though for ever
The Mother-Earth bears men,
Can Love outhold her gifts of gold
For Youth to taste again.

For Youth lies where Love lies
And each must sovereign be,
Above the plane of all things vain,—
Untouched, unshamed and free.

REMEMBRANCE.

That night ! You must remember it.—

 Ah, how the stars shone forth !

 The wind was wild and from the North—

 Bitter and cold.

But we were warm and the room was lit

 With a light more soft than the light of Love

 Which glowed in my heart as your white arm's fold

 Circled my soul in a wondrous hold,

 Around and above.

I fell asleep, and a moving mist

 Clothed me about, until it seemed

 That in very truth I dreamed,—

Till I felt the fire of thy fair, white breast

 Tenderly pressed

Closer to mine in that hour of rest—

 And awoke when our lips had kissed.

TO THE WEST WIND.

O sad West Wind, O glad West Wind,
Blow out, blow out to sea
And bear my spirit on thy breast
And take my heart with thee.

O blow, thou sunrise-seeking breeze,
While westwards still I roam,—
Oh, blow me out across the seas
To fairy lands of home.

Thou bearest gladness in thy breath,
For oh, it brings me joy
To know thou art the same West Wind
That kissed me when a boy.

O those sweet days, those far-off days
When oft I used to lie
Supine upon the grassy ways
And watch thy clouds go by.

O glad West Wind, O sad West Wind,
Blow out, blow out to sea,—
Alas, my spirit hath no wings
To fly aloft with thee.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

When Day and Night in soft embraces hover,
After the sun goes down,
And Twilight's magic tapestries fall over
The dusty, ugly town;
When stress of daily cares and busy office
Alike begin to fade,
The tired brain turns to dreams more loved and restful
Of river, vale and glade.

Soft sounds from waving shadows lightly stealing,
On air-breaths come and go,—
Than distant notes from some cathedral steeple
More musical, more low.
Then from the depths of secret, woody caverns
Where fairies have their home,
I hear the voices of the little people
Calling,—bidding me come.

Twin stars seem on the water's bosom resting;
The dew-drops gleam a-main;
The white and upturned faces of the daisies
Begin to blow again.
The peeping moon through leafy branches laughing
Trips from light cloud to cloud,
While green-clad, little children of the forest
Come out and laugh aloud.

From glooms of glade, and shadowy, hidden places
Of hill, and stream, and wood,
They peep at me with elfin, fairy faces
Questioning my hardihood.
They lead me on with winsome ways and wistful
To where the moonbeams play,—
Enticing me, while half-revealed, half-hidden,
Yet never far away.

THE ETERNAL PAGEANT.

Over the quiet fields, and where the shadows are thickest
Spring leaps with gladsome feet ;
Where'er she alights come green buds, and grasses, and
blossoms,
And perfumes of woodlands sweet.

Beyond the walls of my garden, where blossom in stately
border
Foxgloves and hollyhocks,
I see light blue-eyed Summer flying through fields and pastures
Trailing her flaxen locks.

All the Earth gives song and grows rich in her mellow
presence ;
Her kisses with love and light
Make pregnant the happy valleys and woody places,
And meadows with bloom grow bright.

On to the high years noon-tide,—over Earth's green and
softness
Comes Autumn in russet gown ;
With smile of sweet, fruitful love she clings to the Earth with
kisses
And all her dark hair comes down.

Autumn with sunsets wanton, the lure of her skies reflecting
Her glances, flaunting and bold,—
Comes with her subtle seductions wooing, and turning
Earth's green leaves into gold.

False are her warmest embraces ; the pale leaves fall on the
bosom
Of Earth, and the chill winds blow,—
Winter in shroud of white comes in the still, grey dawning
And buries them in her snow.

The pageant of life everlasting, the shifting Seasons
Some balm to our breasts may bring,
That we with like passion may endure,—for ever renewing
Our Youth and our Spring.

RALPH. 1887-1910.

THIS is your room, then, Ralph? Of course the wide
Spaced window made you choose it, with the light
So well diffused. This arm-chair at the side
Is where you sit and dream whenever night
Delays you at your task? This jardiniere
Full of your brushes, when did you decide
To buy it? I remember it so well
In that old shop where curios they sell
A-down Lagacheterre.

I once desired to be an artist too,—
The colours fascinated me; it seemed
A splendid thing to paint the woodland view
Where shadows lay and where the sunlight gleamed:—
Or sketch with washes broad the open sky
Grey at the sea's edge, at the zenith, blue;
Or with one touch bring out the white, spread sail
Against the harbour's weather-beaten rail
On which the wet nets dry.

This head, so nearly finished, who does she
Remind me of? Ah, yes! I recollect—
The little waif on Craig Street! Pityingly
Her face appealed. 'Tis what one would expect
Of you, so fond of children, to befriend
The child. Your love its own reward will be,
For this will sell,—no picture worth the name
Will lack a buyer though it lacks a frame
The final touch to lend.

That landscape over there!—not yours, I think,—
A London man, you say? It has the touch
Of one who loves his Art, yet will not sink
His smaller in his greater self too much
For pure abandonment. It shows restraint
As one who always pauses at the brink,
Prudent and thoughtful. Had I not been bent
To books and writing, Ralph, I would have spent
My energies in paint.

RALPH.

And yet there's Music! Sister arts all three,—

Though Music does not lend so true a note
To self-expression. Men will always be
Diverse of aim, though nature rule by rote.

Rossetti,—Artist, Poet, stands of course
With Angelo; —and there it is that we
Can meet,—yes! that's the secret, for you stand
For Art not less than I do,—here's my hand,—
Here springs our friendship's source.

That was the meaning of my thought for you,
And why you understood me. A soul's growth
Is clearer when it sees the wider view
Shared by another. Life encloses both:
Brings them to bud, to blossom and then flower
As in the first place God designed them to.
Art begets Art,—your canvas helps me trace
Elusive thoughts in words with better grace,
Borrowing your friendly power.

I'm glad, too, now that you have laid aside
The brush, though most unwillingly, that we
Discussed those vital things of spirit,—wide
In charitable thought. It rendered free
Our intercourse; we love those best who can
Meet us on common ground and without pride
Appreciate our standpoint, yet not lose
Their own free will to differ, if they choose,
With any living man.

The same stream bore us on. We had no creed,
No labelled faith, but to achieve the best
In Art and Poetry, in thought and deed;
To think clean thoughts, work well and keep Truth's quest
Before us. One deep fountain quenched our thirst,
And Hope, an inner spring, was there at need.
We did not always give our font a name,
But in all things of Life it was our aim
To draw the beauty first.

RALPH.

In those days, now two years back, you were placed
Above me in our friendly rivalry ;
The service of the world was yours,—I traced
Your sketches in the papers and could see
Your gradual development ; until
I noted with proud eyes,—as Patience graced
Your true endeavours with rewards of toil,—
A firmer touch, a handling of the foil
With subtler, delicate skill.

Then once again I visited your room—
No longer tenanted except by dreams
Of all that might have been,—A mist did loom
Before my eyes, as when the sunset gleams
A moment on the hill, then disappears
Tinting with red the clouds. A kindly gloom
Touched with dim shadows the familiar things,
Now masterless ! O Harp of mine ! thy strings
Gleam through a mist of tears.

That head, half-finished on the easel there,
Type of Life's prodigality of seed
Sown without thought of reaping ; the loose hair
About the childish face gleams bright indeed
As if the sun's glow touched it into flame
Even as it touched the hills. The loving care
And thought you gave those children that you loved
And painted,—vanished now,—a love approved
Which might have brought you Fame.

How gladly, now that I have won my way
Up those first steps we often hoped to climb,
Would you have greeted me ! No happier day
In all the labyrinths of fretted Time
Could e'er have dawned, nor brighter joy descend ;
For, spite of all that may be sung in rhyme,
Fame, pride, ambition, whatsoe'er befall,
The finest prize, the best reward of all,—
Th' approval of one's friend.

RALPH.

I do not grieve, grief only makes a bar
To the soul's progress, and my simple faith,
Though undefined, is wider, greater far
Than any sense of loss that passing Death
Could bring me. I am happier having known
And understood that all Life's troubles are
Purposed in each of us ; and happier still
For having met you on the road uphill
Journeying on alone.

Life resolves all the things that ache and fret
Us most to quiet harmonies ; reveals
Her secrets slowly, soothes the soft regret
With gentle memories,—and so Time heals.
Of course men do not solve Life's mysteries
By dreaming their fulfilment solely,—yet
I sometimes like to dream, Ralph, that you dwell
With all those children whom you loved so well,
In Heaven's Nurseries.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

AM I never to find it here,—
Th' all-satisfying theme,
The true, unbroken dream ;
The note, at once serene, deep, clear,—
The sound of Heaven stooping near ?
Am I never to see it born—
The Vision Splendid
By Love attended,—
Eternal Dawn ?

.

Why, when my lips move in song
And the final words flow strong
Does the finite idea escape me ?
Even when I drape me
The bare, dry bones of my moulded clay
With the colours drawn from my heart's red blood ;
Even when I have stood
On the mountain crest at the break of day,
And felt less human and more divine,
My thoughts have been more frail than fine,
Too gossamer-like to clothe the bare,
The beautiful, divinely fair,
The naked dream that will not come
To my soul however dumb.

.

Have you not waited in the dark,
Or timidly stood
On the marge of the wood
And wondered if some miracle would not mark
Your soul's expectancy ?
It never came to me.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Sometimes as in the bosom of a glade
Where maybe elves have strayed,
Some faint, soft-scented breeze has played
About me tenderly, caressingly,
Like Wood-Nymph seeking to be wooed by me ;
And then some vague and unsustained
Suggestion of an astral force has swayed
My high-strung senses—but has not remained.

• • • • •

Children are nearer Heaven
Than we to whom the fruits of Earth are given.
They have no complex passion
Of wealth or fashion
To mar with madness, or to touch with fire
The charm of their innocent desire.
Perhaps, as some of the sages show,—
And they should know—
The little ones only just shorn of wing
Are nearer the Spring.

• • • • •

But I was a child once ; I never knew
In my factory, dusty place of birth,
That there was any other abode than Earth.
The blue
Serenity of the sky above
Was only a patch of sea on which clouds hove
In sight from unknown lands :—
To them I stretched my hands.—
I wanted them to bear me far away
To that deep, sunlit vault of day
The white ships of the air
Promised was fair.
I asked of them this boon
As one who wishes when the rising moon,
Crescent and new,
By stars escorted sails the infinite blue.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

But alas ! The wish, the thought,
Being of a child, and child-like, came to naught.
The Heavens deceived me, and aye
My fellow-men ;
I found them out
And in the place of Faith they gave me Doubt.
Yet there are beautiful things on the Earth
As any with eyes may see ;
Only some stifle the rising mirth,
The natural, free,
Divine gift laid in the cradle at every birth.—
They break it wilfully as boys
Destroy their sisters' toys.

• • • • •
High-towered Cities, shrouded o'er with mist ;
Or standing corn by slanting sunrays kissed,—
All beautiful, tangible realities ;
Perspectives, backgrounds,—everything that is
A charm, a spell
For those who dwell
Outside the hustle and the vain
Gluttonous greed for gain,
Has touched my spirit as if fired by you—
Dear Vision of beauty, fairy fraught
With laughter and light loving,—wrought
By a soul's inner thought.
For you have ever wandered through
The private chambers of my mind, and been
A star for darkness, and for day serene
As sunlight. Unattained—
A goal desired, but never to be gained.—
Too far, too fine,
Incomprehensible, divine,
Lovely—for ever wooed—but never mine.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

If I have sought in woman
That spirit more than human,
That soft, mysterious charm that lies
Hidden deep, deep behind her beauteous eyes ;
If from her loveliness of limb and line
Eradiated the inexpressible, divine
Beauty half-hidden, half-revealed.—
Wonder of shape and form
Cool-tinted and yet warm,—
Alive and tangible, and yet
Too delicate
For any cult save Beauty,—free
In all its spiritual serenity,—
If you must know I sought it anywhere
That longing still unsatisfied that is my care,
My comfort, hope, joy, heaven and despair,—
I found its counterpart, its true
Similitude in you.

• • • • •
What can they know of love
Who dwell serene above
The passions and the mad desires
That make on human hearths their fires ?
All spiritual gifts are naught
If they have not been wrought
Through pain and darkness and the night
Of birth to sun and light.
Sunrise and sunset alike are given,
Hill-top and sheltered fell,—
What know they of the joys of Heaven
Who have not tasted Hell ?

• • • • •
So, if I have not passed as yet
Into that garden of fairy flowers
All scintillant and wet
With sunshine and showers,

ON THE THRESHOLD.

You have shown me the gateway and the key
To its love and mystery.
And, if I have not flung my soul to the stars
In the ecstasy of the night
When the Lamplighter of God unbars
His worlds of light,
At least I learned from you how first
The spirit leapt to joy and burst
Its fetters for free flight.
And, if I never stood
On summits of incalculable dream,
Majestic, calm, supreme,
Kingdoms of solitude
Where mind and spirit rule in equal state,
You bade me wait
Expectant and elate
Upon the threshold where Love stands
Smiling with outstretched hands.

.

The gateways of the world were closed to me,
The mountain-top too distant for my feet,
But I have found the valleys fair
Where I have wandered, dear, and sought you there.
Perhaps it is as sweet
Ever to be
Upon the tip-toe of expectancy,—
To stand for ever on the threshold of
The garden and the paradise of Love.

OUR WAYS.

Our meadow ways are starry with fair flowers ;
Our clouds are magic mirrors of the sun ;
Our hearts are happiest in those friendly hours
When with the winds we run.

In shadowy dreams, fair with thoughts' mystic light,
The wide, free spaces of the world unfold—
Serene our spirits dwell there,—wing'd and bright,
A joy to Earth untold.

THE SACRIFICERS.

Who are they carry the cross ?
Who are they bear the loss ?—
Answer, my brothers !
Who, for their Country's sake,
Hide the wild hearts that break ?—
The mothers ! The mothers !

They it is pay War's price ;
Theirs is the sacrifice,
Each of them smothers
Grief for her Country's pride,—
Grief for the son that died—
The mothers ! The mothers !

SONG.

As in the deep, still woodland mere
The grass and trees renew
Their tender tracery, reflected clear
Upon the bosom of the waters blue;

So do thy thoughts encircling me,
Charming my heart from care,
Reflect again the joy, the ecstasy,
The fulness of the laughter that they bear.

As when across dark western skies
Shadows their armies fling,—
And vagrant birds from distant tree-tops rise
And homeward along sunset ways take wing;

So thoughts of mine that erst did roam
Turn again to their rest,
Like happy wanderers returning home
Laden with spoils of a successful quest.

SUSPENSE.

" He will not come. He will not come"—
 Alone, disconsolate
She murmured;—" Spirits have no home
 And yet, I can but wait
And hope,—ah ! Hope, what meagre rest
For they that wander East or West."

The soft grey skies above her seemed
 Mourning in sympathy,
The very woods about her dreamed
 Warm with their witchery,—
The grass and flowers, the tree-top bowers
Conspired to charm away the hours.

" He will not come ; the meadow ways
 Have small appeal for him,—
He loveth not the magic maze
 Of twilight's hours that dim—
Far dearer to his heart the road
That his ambitious fathers trod."

She wandered on,—the terraced grove
 Expanded to a glade
Where all the flowers one might love
 About her feet were laid—
A green and yellow carpet strewn
With fancies of the harvest moon.

She moved in shadows to the West
 Watching the dancing light
On shaking leaf and daisy's breast
 Jewelled with dewdrops bright,
And as to the old oak she came
She heard him calling her by name.

Ah ! never name had been so sweet,—
 Nor echo half so dear,
It gave a rhythm to her feet
 And guarded her from fear ;—
She cried " I come ! I come !"—and stood
The loveliest creature in the wood.



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DAWN.

Joy, the dancer, Youth, the laughter-lover,
Came and stood
Where the greenest grasses run to cover
Near the wood.
All about them leafy branches sighing,
Warm winds too,—
And above them foam-clouds billowing, flying—
White to blue.

Wooed by winds that bore a scent of maying
And of fern,
Joy, the dancer, found her feet a-playing,
Felt them burn
With the tingling madness of a measure
All in tune
With the passion and the pleading and the pleasure
Born of June.

Youth, the laughter-lover, ran and caught her
Where she stood
Tip-toe, fairy-formed, a dryad daughter
Of the wood ;
Light and vagrant as the very breezes
Of the mead
That delight to wander where it pleases
Joy to lead.

Joy, the dancer, swayed a moment, leaning
Half embraced ;
Wondering what those arms of Youth were meaning
Interlaced.—
Youth, the swift desire, the fateful fancies,
Caught her eyes,
Holding them with open, questioning glances
Of surprise.

DAWN.

All her form, a-quiver with caresses,
 Burned with pain
Till the warm wind came and kissed her tresses
 Once again.—
Joy, the dancer, looked at Youth, the lover,
 Dared not move—
While she heard her heart beat to discover
 Birth of Love.

THE FAIRY'S ROBE.

I WOULD make thy garments of sunny mist,
Of the breath of the rising dew,
That the light of thy limbs might just be kissed
By the sunlight falling through.

I would weave them of gossamer webs that trail
Through the wet grass and the flowers,
Or the mist of the rains that fall and veil
The sun in midsummer showers.

And never a fold but would lie so light,
Transparent and pale of sheen,
That through its texture of love would be
Thy wonderful beauty seen.

No woof, no warp should disfigure thy form,
No cloak should thy curves invest,—
Each lithe white limb should never be dim
Nor the rise of thy may-white breast.

For the world is darkened enough ; why cast
O'er beauty unnatural shade ?
If thou art fair let thy form declare
The loveliness God has made.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE DOMINION.

MAY, 1914.

Where my thought is swift the swallow
Flies and dips ;
There the waters rise and follow
Wake of ships :
Wake of vessels fair and freighted
As with gold
With the longings unabated
That I hold.

England ! Island throned by oceans,
Marged with foam,
All the blood-born, deep emotions
Of my home
Rise to thee.—Atlantic surges
Sever, part,—
But they find no answering dirges
In my heart.

Time, the dreary foe, united
With the tide
Finds my forces unaffrighted,
Unallied.
England ! To thine altar turning
My desires—
See my visions flaming, burning
As with fires !

Where my thought is there my heart is,—
Who shall tell
What the claim of rank or parties,
Heaven or Hell,
To the vital, sane existence
Of the land
Where my own folk need assistance
Heart and hand ?

HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE DOMINION.

West, my foster-country leaning
From afar,
Bears her Love o'er meadows greening—
Canada !
Spring with faith accepts her frondage
Fine and veined ;
Empires wide renew their bondage
Battle-stained.

THE PLATONISTS.

Good morning ! So you knew me ?—Early this
To call, I know, but morning is the best
For idle journey or for serious quest.
Grave matter this, too ; one I would not miss
For any other joy the world could give—
Yes ! Joy is what I mean,—for joy like grief
Is many-sided ; and this graver phase,
Not the less delicate or fugitive,
Holds my heart now as Autumn holds the leaf
Giving it all the warm love of its days
And in the night
The cool, cold touch, too chaste for deep delight
Passing and vagrant,—non the less pure love,
Clear, joyous, lighting the soul's woodland ways
With Beauty calm as are the stars above.

So many things have crowded to my mind,
Questions to ask you, things to tell you of,—
Hopes, fancies, soft creations of the love
Between us ; thoughts no other ear should find
Lest they, misunderstanding how it fares
With us, might judge us harshly. Knowing all
They would commend,—but we ignore all thought
Of outer evil or of inner tares.
Between us and the world there is one wall
Material, structure by convention wrought,
Which we ignore
Within ourselves, because not to the fore
Ever in thought or heart at all,—a bar
Which does not trouble us and does not mar
Our meetings and communings,—it is not.

I have come many leagues to speak with you ;
Speech might be needless in a million years
But not as we are now. Love gives her tears
Mingled with smiles,—yet speech is not less true
Communion, as, bridging that still stream
Of ether which divides each separate soul ;

THE PLATONISTS.

And, even as that love I spoke of brings
Sorrow or joy to surface, shade or gleam,—
So too that other love, more sane, more whole,—
Because from a diviner source it springs,
Commands at will
In speech or otherwise those sounds that fill
The waiting spirit, weaving melody
From silence, and to slow words giving wings,
And bringing freedom to all things not free.

• • • • •

So I have come this morning to inquire
How fares it with your spirit,—mind you, there,—
Not thinking of the body, however fair,—
That is of passing things, hunger, desire
Corporeal,—not to be thought of when
That other which we speak of holds the reins.
The body, loved of course; doubt not I feel
Its subtlety as much as sensual men
Less sensitive than I am,—it contains
You! is not that enough? Should Love reveal
What Life demands?
Not if thereby Love loses. In Love's hands
All things like this should rest; Love else had failed
God's purpose which has something to conceal,—
All beautiful, all mystic things are veiled.

• • • • •

I speak like this to put you at your ease,
Since, if you do not trust me, the one Crown,
The Keystone crumbles and the Arch comes down.—
Of what use then the Doorway and the Keys?
There must be nothing to affirm, confute,
Ask or demand,—it must be understood
That each gives all or nothing at the will
Of the commanding spirit, absolute.

THE PLATONISTS.

For each the other's thought sufficient food
For sustenance; thus grace the soul doth fill
Which for grace yearns
And always towards its sources gently turns.
The spirit and the motive at its best
Is what concerns us, not the deed which ill
Requires us or ensnares us on our Quest.

• • • • •

If you, then, whom I lean upon, believe
That, when I fail my failure cannot stay
My feet from climbing up again next day
Nor keep me from the heights; and can conceive
That if I fall I cannot tumble far
Because Hope buoys my soul up.—If you feel
That my shortcomings spring not from Desire
And that my soul denies them as they mar
The road to Peace and Power;—if when I steal
From eyes their laughter, or from Love its fire,
With Charity
Temper the turning of your thoughts of me.
For though I am not what I would be, yet,
Because my soul longs ever to mount higher,
I would not touch thy friendship with Regret.

• • • • •

Your thoughts on this should coincide with mine,
Or mine with yours,—'tis but a form of speech.
We should love most the beautiful, and reach
For ever upward. In us the Divine,
The God lies dormant; all our impulses
For good which indirectly course within
Spring from this hidden source,—and, when we most
With those elusive, dream-like mysteries
Whose beauty, indefinable, has been
Our hope and quest, we feel joy incomplete
That is not shared

THE PLATONISTS.

By those, who, like ourselves, have loved and dared.

All metals of our making are not gold,—

But Love will temper them with hidden heat
And Truth will strengthen them an hundredfold.

• • • • •

I have no fear now that in leaving you,—

If any hand should dash away this cup,—

My loss would dry all inspiration up;

Still should I know that, as the thought is true,
So would the soul be. Truth can always face

Life's variable fortunes—good or ill—

And, with what courage you have given, stand free.
I can make answer to all comers; place

Things in their proper order and fulfil

With laughter what the Fates demand of me.

Love gives her mead

To those who know instinctively the need
Of others like themselves.—There is no way

To stray upon, no hill to climb, no sea

To cross,—they meet and are as one to-day.

• • • • •

It seems, although I speak to you, my thought
Is yours beforehand,—as in other's eyes

Joy, hope, despair or fear in their depth lies

For our swift comprehension;—as if caught

On that more subtle mirror of the mind

Which shows us our true selves, we see the light,

That inner light burn brightly. What we say
May not be musical, but it will find

Its lack in sweet responses, and invite

Deeper, more curious tones than in it lay.

No distance bars

Love's messages; they twinkle in the stars;

The West wind wings them from the Earth's distress,—

The moonbeams hold them, and the sun's red ray
Bathes them in Beauty's deathless loveliness.

WIND AND SEA.

LISTEN ! The ambient air
Is a-quiver with sound ;
The trees of the forest are bare
And the moon is round.
The moonlight is touching to whiteness
Stript hedges that flower.
Hush ! Listen ! With footfall of fairy-lipped lightness
The West wind is coming ;
The tall trees are humming
Their greeting, their gladness.—
He comes, and his breath is a mid-summer madness ;
His passion, his power—
The West wind, with silken hair flowing
Over the hill-tops comes—blowing !

Down to the riderless sea
Where the Earth bathes her feet
The white clouds set sail and are free,
And the waters meet.
White waves in the moonlight come dancing
All silver and hoar ;
Wild horses are they whose proud prancing
Of hoof-beats are surges
Each black rock diverges
To scatter and pelt
All up the bright beach in mad helter-skelter,
And down the long shore
The Ocean foam-girdled, and leaping
Through long lanes of moonlight comes—sweeping.

Breast of the West wind is soft,
And the ocean is mild ;
Both bear my gladness aloft
Like a little child.—

WIND AND SEA.

I come with my passionate outpouring,—
Life's strain and Love's strife,—
With a voice as of wild wind; imploring
One hour of the rapture
The white seas can capture.—
So come I outstriding
The wave and the wind, on the wings of Thought riding,—
A-flame with the life
Of freedom that comes ever lifting
Over seas where the white gulls are drifting.

WINTER'S NIGHT IN THE LAURENTIANS.

ALL down the shadowy hills of sleep,
 Across the silent snow,
Where in the valleys blue and deep
 The yellow moon-flowers blow;

And over frozen creek and stream
 And through the silent woods
To where the fairylands of dream
 Border Leve's solitudes.

Silent all song and hushed all sound
 Of birds or busy strife,—
Only the joyful thoughts that bound
 The lands of meadow life.

The blue vault and the paling stars,
 The trees with leafless hands,—
The Northern Lights with fiery bars
 Guarding the silent lands;

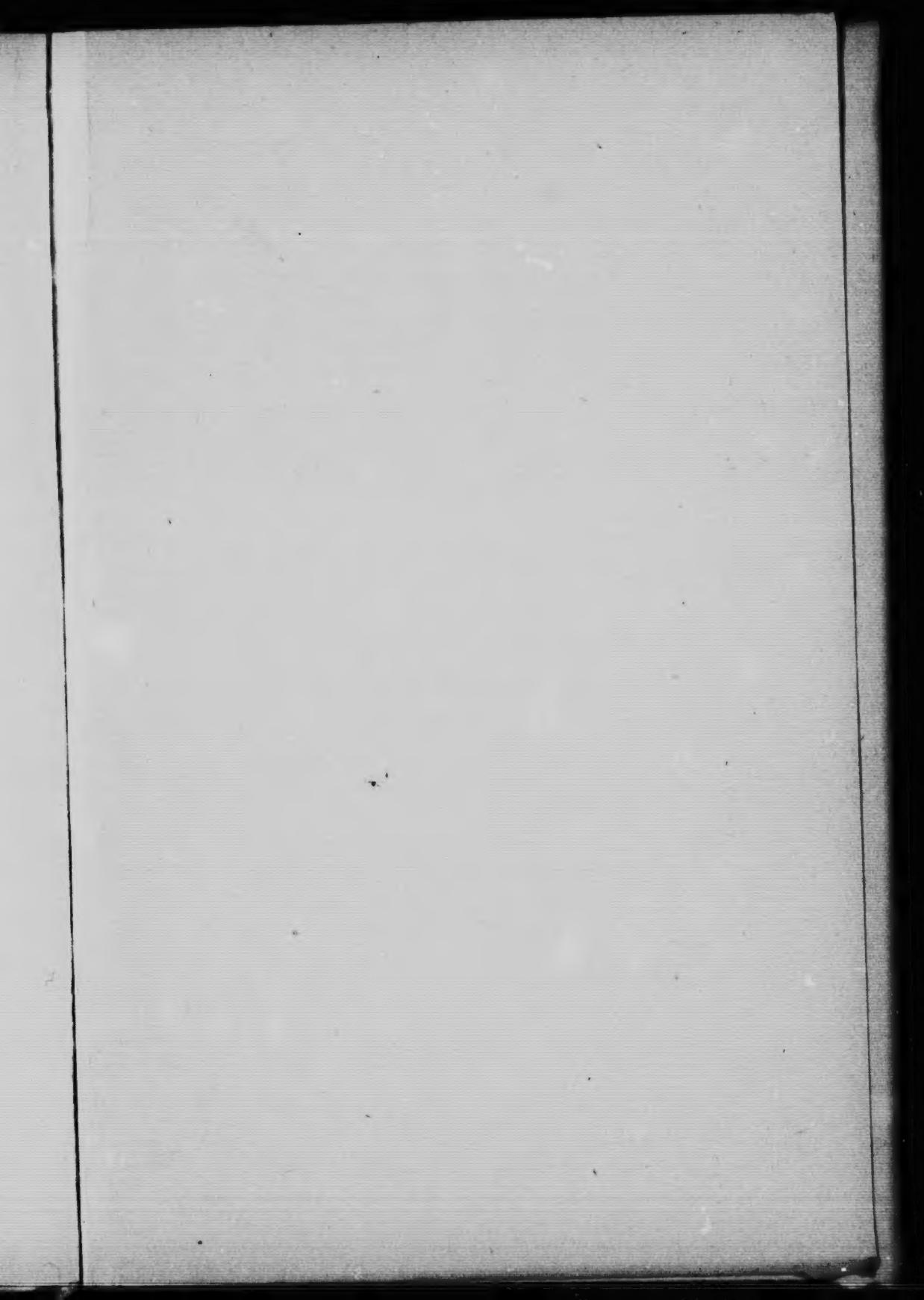
The frosty air that tastes like wine—
 From cities far and free—
These are the things serene, divine
 The glad night gives to me.

OH! FICKLE HEART!

Oh, Fickle Heart that like the wind
Delights to range
And suffer change,
And chase the bees
And buffet trees,—
But never dares to look behind,
And never stoops to seek
For those whose wings are weak.

Oh, Fickle Heart that like a bird
Which dares not let
Her wings grow wet
With dew of flowers
In meadow bowers ;—
Nor cares that her wild songs be heard
By any save the ear
That is the moment near.

Oh, Fickle Heart ! be like the Sun
That brings to Earth
A daily birth,—
That pricks the shade
Of stream and glade
With light until the day be done ;
Then leaves to Night her reign—
Sleep ! Rest !—then Dawn again.



N.L.C. - B.N.C.

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